

October 1, 1942

## Mrs. W. J. Rawson Rites Held Tuesday

Funeral services were held at the Paetznick Funeral Home here for Mrs. W. J. Rawson, pioneer Groton woman who died late Saturday at the hospital in Aberdeen. Officiating at the service was the Rev. F. E. Stillwell, rector of St. Mark's in Aberdeen, and interment was in the Groton Union cemetery, beside her husband, who died on January 16, 1920. Pall bearers were: Chas. E. Adams, R. W. Bradshaw, E. H. Kuehnert, Vance E. Miller, E. P. Erdmann and Charles Mielke.

The deceased was born Mary M. Scribner at Grand Meadow, Minn., Jan. 8th, 1862 and she was married to William John Rawson at that place on March 4th, 1877. She came with her husband and her parents to Groton in 1882, her father, M. V. B. Scribner, having come here to found the Groton News, the first newspaper in the new town on September 7, 1881. The only child of the family she caught the spirit of the newspaper world by assisting her father in the print shop and this interest continued until the last.

She was the mother of four children, two, a son and a daughter, dying in infancy. The other two, Mrs. Inez Fossum of Aberdeen and W. John Rawson of Frederick, surviving her.

Mrs. Rawson's death came as the result of accidental asphyxiation from coal gas fumes. Fire had been kindled in a hard coal heater the previous afternoon due to the sudden snap of cold, and a partially clogged chimney backed up the gas during the night as she slept.

When she did not respond to the knock of neighbors at the door Saturday morning it was forced open by police and the gas fumes discovered. She was still alive but in a coma as a result of the gas poisoning. Taken to the Aberdeen hospital, treatment was of no avail even to break the coma and the weak spark of life flickered out about nine o'clock on Saturday evening, September 26.

One of the few original residents of Groton, Mrs. Rawson will be missed by many members of another generation who had known her their entire lives. Her slight, frail figure, draped with one of her prized silk shawls, was a familiar sight as she walked from the house, which had been her home for about 60 years, to the nearby post office daily except in severe weather.